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POETICAL.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north winds blast—
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast all seasons for their own, oh, death!"

From the Richmond Enquirer.

The Prisoner.

The Prisoner said—
"I was with a joyous crowd;
But, oh! that ship returning,
Was filled with wailing loud."

Toll for the dead!
The talented and brave!
Who rose up from the banquet
To step into the grave.

The laugh went round;
The wine was on the lip;
Another guest was coming—
Stern Death was on the ship.

The cry was, "Now
A gun for Washington!
One to our matchless chieftain!"—
And all stood round the gun.

'Twas fired—oh, Gosh!
Thick darkness fell on all;
And great Jehovah's thunder
Seem'd on the deck to fall.

The gun had burst—
In fragments round had down,
And Death, with blood was sat;
It morn'd in torrents down.

Toll for the dead!
Crash'd by the whirling brand,
The loved! the best! the bravest!
The flow'r of all the land!

Toll for the dead!
They laid them side by side—
And spread the flag above them
For which they lived and died.

Land of the great,
Hang down thy widow'd head;
Yours Upbur—Glimmer—Keen—
Were number'd with the dead.

Mourn for the lost,
Snatch'd thus from friends away;
And for the heart of woman,
So bruised that dreadful day.

Bathed with the blood
Of husband, friend and sire;
She's walking through the furnace,
The seven times heated fire.

Weep, woman! weep!
But on the land take hold;
He'll bring you from the burning
As were the Three of old.

Pause, nation! pause!
And cease your bitter strife;
In death we all are standing,
Though in the midst of life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WIFE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet's not sweeter!—MILTON.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching, than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortunes, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy giant is rified by the thunderbolt, cling round it in its excreting tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and his solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, they are there to comfort you."—And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly, because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly, because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a domestic story, of which I was a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in

every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be life a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced a harmonious combination; he was of a romantic, and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall and manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride & cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months when, by a succession of sudden disasters it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced to almost penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and rapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishment to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow—and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake," cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I; "she must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not only that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all my future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar!—that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? She has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? She has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart—it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps necessary to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—may, observing a pang pass across his countenance, don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged—and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—" "I could be happy with her," cried he conclusively, "in a hovel—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more; it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unbosom his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasure? Her gay spirit might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility, suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which she had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which, in other ranks, it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie, the next morning, without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a re-

lief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegances. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes. Some days afterwards, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belongs to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listen to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doating husband.

He was now going out to the cottage where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day and as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke with a heavy sigh from his lips.

"And what of her," asked I, "has anything happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman!"

"Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into an humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has for the first time known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has for the first time looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant—almost every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road, up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild line had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it, and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass plot in front. A small wicket-gate opened upon a foot path that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm, we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward, to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window, and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come; I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and every thing is so still and sweet here. Oh! said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "Oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

A recent modern philosopher—one who has evidently thought deeply on the subject—says that it is rather foolish to see two young ladies hating each other on account of a gentleman who does not care a fig for either.

FATHER MATTHEW.—This distinguished apostle of temperance will visit the United States in June. He will be hailed with joy by every philanthropist in the country, and his mission will no doubt result in much good to the glorious cause in which he has become so distinguished.

The Louisville Journal says that the trade of that city is unusually brisk.

MILTON.

BY T. B. MACAULY.

Milton was like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and like Dante, he has been unfortunate in health and his sight, the comforts of his home, and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men, by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred to oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. That hateful proscription, facetiously termed the Act of Indemnity and Oblivion, had set a mark on the poor, blind deserted poet, and held him up by name to the hatred of a profligate court and an inconstant people!

Venial and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pandar in the style of a belknap, were now the favorite writers of the sovereign and the public. It was a loathsome herd—which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus, grotesque monsters, half beastial, half human, dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling to obscene dances. Amidst these his Muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the Masque, lofty, spotless, and serene—to be chafed at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rabble of Satyrs and Goblins. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity.

Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health, and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions, and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be—when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die!

Hence it was, that though he wrote the Paradise Lost at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are in general beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it by all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and moral world. Neither Theocritus nor Ariosto had a finer or a more beautiful sense of the pleasantness of external objects, or loved better to luxuriate amidst sunbeams and flowers, the songs of nightingales, the juice of summer fruits and the coolness of shady fountains. His conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the oriental baram, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and self reflection of an English fireside. His poetry reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells beautiful as fairy land, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.

Traces, indeed, of the peculiar character of Milton may be found in all his works; but it is most strongly displayed in the sonnets. Those remarkable poems have been undervalued by critics, who have not understood their nature. They have no epigrammatic point. There is none of the ingenuity of Filicapi in the thought, none of the hard and brilliant enamel of Petrarch in the style. They are simple but majestic records of the feelings of the poet; as little tricked out for the public eyes as his diary would have been. A victory, an unexpected attack upon the city, a momentary fit of depression or exaltation, a jest thrown out against one of his books, a dream, which for a short time restored to him that beautiful face over which the world had closed forever, led him to musings which without effort, shaped themselves into verse. The unity of sentiment and the severity of style, which characterize these little pieces, reminds us of Greek Anthology; or perhaps still more of the Collects of the English Liturgy—the noble poem on the Massacres of Piedmont is strictly a collect in verse.

The Sonnets are more or less striking according as the occasions which gave birth to them are more or less interesting. But they are almost without exception, dignified by a sobriety and greatness of mind to which we know not where to look for a parallel. It would indeed be scarcely safe to draw any decided inferences as to the character of a writer, from passages directly egotistical. But the qualities which we have ascribed to Milton, though perhaps most strongly marked in those parts of his works which treat of his personal feelings, are distinguishable in every page, and impart to all his writings, in prose and poetry, English, Latin, and Italian, a strong family likeness.

Some one ingeniously proves that a tailor instead of being the ninth part of a man, possesses the qualities of nine men combined, as follows:—
1. As an economist—he cuts his garments according to his cloth.
2. As a gardener—he is careful of his cabbage.
3. As a cook—he provides himself with a hot goose.
4. As a sheriff's officer—he does much at spongeing.
5. As an executioner—he furnishes a great many gallowses.
6. As a gentleman—he brandishes not a sword, but a bare bodkin.
7. As a sailor—he sheers off, when he thinks it necessary.
8. As a lawyer—he attends to many suits.
9. As a Christian and divine—it is his chief aim to form good habits for himself and others.

PERSONAL COURAGE.—Here are two or three sensible remarks on this subject:—"Personal courage in a powerful man scarcely commands our admiration, not only for its being so common, and because it seems to be only a natural sense of bodily superiority which it costs little to exhibit, but because it might generally be displayed with safety; but where it is unsupported by physical strength—where it is the triumph of a gallant spirit over a feeble frame—the very danger that accompanies its exertion evinces its merit, and increases the respect with which we contemplate it. Had Grace Darling's intrepidity in saving the lives of the shipwrecked sailors been exhibited by an old mariner, it would have excited comparatively but little attention."

GENTLEMAN.—Moderation, decorum, and neatness, distinguish the gentleman; he is at all times affable, diffident, and studious to please. Intelligent and polite, his behaviour is pleasant and graceful. When he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavors to hide, if possible, the difference between the rank in life, ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither unkind, laughly, nor overbearing. In the mansions of the great, the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation; correct principles caution him to avoid the gaming table, inebriety, or any other foible that could occasion him self-reproach. Pleased with the pleasures of reflection, he rejoices to see the gayest of society, and is fastidious upon no point of little import.—Appear only to be a gentleman, and his shadow will bring upon you contempt; be a gentleman, and its honors will remain after you are dead.

A PIETURE.—Burke says that Milton's image of Lucifer, standing with one foot upon the earth and the other foot on the planet Saturn, shaking his sword at the Almighty, is one of the grandest metaphors in the language, and by far the sublimest expression in the work of that poet. A western editor, although he acknowledges Mr. Burke to be very good authority on the sublime and beautiful, begs leave to differ very particularly as to the figure being one of the grandest things in nature—for we have seen (says he) something which surpasses it a heap. "It was a mountain goat, standing upon a piece of timber, which stretches itself far over the fall of the Niagara in the midst of one of the most remarkable storms we ever witnessed, shaking his tail at the deepest tones of the thunder's roar, and the lurid flashes of lightning—snuffing up the vaporous mist which arose from the 'Hell of waters' below, with as much nonchalance as though he were the monarch of the mighty torrent boiling and chafing at his feet. This was a picture."

A LONG ROPE.—One of our manufacturers, Mr. George J. Weaver, has recently completed three ropes for the State of Pennsylvania, to be used at the inclined planes on the Allegheny Portage railroad—one of these ropes is 6672 feet long, another 5868 feet, and a third 5000 feet in length. They are manufactured of Russia hemp and are composed of continuous yarns without splicing. The longest rope is 84, and the other two, each 8 inches in diameter. One of them weighs 19,000, and the other two 16,000 or 17,000 pounds each.—[Philadelphia North American.]

A HEART.—What a curious thing a heart is, ain't it young lady? There is as much difference in hearts as in faces. A woman's heart is a sacred thing and full of purity. How proud a man ought to be to have a pretty girl love him, and tell him she loves him more than any other. Isn't it so ladies? We might say of the heart as the old lady did of the first rabbit she ever saw,—"La! how very funny it is!"

NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.—It is said that fire was entirely unknown to many nations of antiquity, and even at the present day it is unknown in some parts of Africa. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire, and expressed the greatest astonishment on first beholding it—believing it to be some kind of living animal which fed on wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant.

FARMERS MAKE THEIR OWN CANDLES.—Take two lbs. of tallow for every ten lbs. of tallow, dissolve it in water before the tallow is put in, and then melt the tallow in the alumna water with frequent stirring, and it will clarify and harden the tallow so as to make a most beautiful article for either winter or summer use, almost as good as sperm.

A late English paper says, that a few weeks ago, Matthew Ferguson, keeper of the menagerie and museum at the Star Inn, Bolton, was found in the den of the male leopard, quite dead, and dreadfully mangled. He had a whip in his hand, and it is supposed that he had ventured into the den for the purpose of training the animal, as is Carter or Van Amburgh.

A grand Tyler State convention has recently been held in Illinois. There were nine persons present. Three or four gentlemen excused themselves by letters from attending—one in consequence of the sickness of his wife; another, disinclination to out of door speaking; and a third, from the dread of being in such an immense crowd.

The New York evening Post says:—"A gentleman just from Washington informs us that the rumor there was that Mr. Almonte the Mexican Minister had orders to demand his passports as soon as the Senate should ratify the Treaty in regard to Texas. It was generally denied that he had been consulted in the formation of the Treaty."

CORN OIL.—The St. Louis Republican says that a gentleman residing near that city has recently commenced the manufacture of oil of fine quality from corn.—It is said to burn in every respect equal to sperm or hard oil, without the smoke which usually attends vegetable oils. It will not congeal in the coldest weather.

Mr. Blake, of the London Medical Society, states that the most obdurate cases of toothache, where it does not proceed from rheumatism, can be cured by a mixture of two drachms of alum reduced to an impalpable powder, and seven drachms nitrous spirits of ether.

A HIR.—A good democrat was asked, a day or two since, to buy a pamphlet, "entitled, 'Fifty Reasons why Henry Clay should be elected President.' " "I will not buy it," said our friend, "because I can give five hundred good reasons why he should not be elected, without the trouble of reading it." The seller sloped."

Excepting a poor printer, we know of no one who has a harder time than old Dan Tucker. Every little urchin that runs the streets, every loafer, boat driver, mail carrier, and even some of the Miami Indians, take it upon themselves to order this old gentleman to "get out of the way."

Governor Briggs of Massachusetts, stated in a temperance meeting, held at the Boston State House, that in eighty two townships of that State, thirteen thousand drunkards have been restored to sobriety through the instrumentality of temperance societies.

There are 66,000 English residents in France.

GATHERINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Lazy rich girls make rich men poor, while industrious poor girls make poor men rich. Remember this, ye affected fair ones, whose antipathy to putting your hands in cold water is always getting your husbands in hot.

AN ALIEN WIFE SHOULD BE NATURALIZED.—It was decided by Judge Kent, in the New York Circuit Court on Saturday, that a wife born abroad, and not naturalized, cannot inherit property devised to her by her husband.

A late English paper says, "it is again hinted that the family circle and domestic ties of the Queen are in a fair way of being multiplied."

The Arkansas Intelligencer, published at Van Buren, says that it has over four hundred Choctaws and Cherokees among its subscribers, many of whom are not only readers of the paper, but also contributors to its columns.

On the recent marriage of one of the Russian princesses to the crown Prince of Denmark, the Emperor presented to the bride a set of diamonds valued at \$75,000.

An old man as he walks, looks downwards and thinks of the past. A young man looks forward and thinks of the future. A child looks everywhither and thinks of nothing.

The British minister has broken off the Oregon negotiations. He will go no further, if the Texas treaty is pressed, till he hears from his government.

Mr. Curtis, the collector of New York, has been requested to resign, but he refuses positively to do so.

A gentleman in Shelby county Kentucky, fell desperately in love, the other day, with a girl at the first sight and attempted to kiss her, whereupon she knocked him down. He was first smitten with her and then by her.

Two dollars the minute is the interest on the national debt contracted by the Whigs; instead of two dollars a day and roast beef. Quite a difference!

The Arabs melt their butter over a slow fire which expels the watery particles, it will then keep without salt; and the Irish have adopted a similar mode for exportation to the East Indies.

"I always think," said a Rev. guest, "that a certain quantity of wine does no harm after a good dinner!"—"Oh, no, Sir," replied the host, "it is the uncertain quantity that does the mischief!"

A bill has passed the Assembly of New York, for the establishment of a Normal school, in that State. It allows five years for testing the experiment, and appropriates \$10,000 for the expenses.

A bellman of a seaport, not one hundred miles from Whidby, in announcing a teleotal meeting to be held in Temperance Hall at that place, said that the meeting would be addressed by six females, who had never spoken before!

Some anti-temperance genius—the noblest Remedy of them all we suppose—has observed that as long as the 'ardent' is kept in Hogsheads it does but little damage, but when it gets into Men's heads it plays the very mischief.

MAXIM.—Some one says; that an old coquette is like a rose bush in winter; the flower and the leaves gone and nothing remaining but the thorns.

"Take care of the paint," as the city girls say when a fellow goes to kiss them.

BANK RASCALITY.—F. Miller, late cashier of the Phoenix Bank, Columbus, Georgia, has been arrested at Charleston on a charge of swindling, connected with the failure of that institution.

CONTEMPERATE HALF EAGLES have been offered in Baltimore. They may be detected from the fact that the period after the words "Five Ds," is entirely omitted; the stars are likewise larger than on the genuine coin, and its weight somewhat deficient.

It is said the wheat looks fine throughout Missouri and Illinois, and that there is a prospect of a very abundant crop.

"Sally," said a lover to his intended, "give me a kiss, will you, Sally?" "No I shan't said Sally, 'help yourself!'"

A gentleman upon being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steam boiler exploded, is said to have replied, that he was so used to being blown up by his wife, that mere steam had no effect upon him.

To weep for fear is childish; to weep for anger is womanish; to weep for grief is human; to weep for compassion is divine; but to weep for sin is christian.

There is a story told of a man who had a ragged coat, that he went to a quaker meeting, because, where least is said, is soonest mended.

SHAWNEETOWN BANK SUSPENDED.—We learn that the Shawneetown Bank suspended specie payment on the 25th ult., that is, it declined paying the promissory note which was 20 cents on the dollar, on that day.—Cin. Enquirer.

PRINTERS.—The Mayors of the following cities are printers:—London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Washington. Also, the Mayor elect of New York is a printer.

CRAMP.—Two or three spoonfulls of strong ley made of oak ashes and mixed with molasses are recommended as a positive cure for cramp.

The birth day of the Father of our Country was celebrated with great eclat, by the Americans in Paris.

Cotton has experienced a still further decline in Liverpool, and holders in New York are beginning to feel an anxiety to get rid of their stock.

Rice is raised in upper Arkansas by the Creek Indians. It is equal to the rice produced in North Carolina.

A person observed to his friend who was leaning to take snuff, that it was wrong to teach one's nose a bad habit, as a man generally follows his nose.

Mr. Robert Tyler has removed to Philadelphia. It is rumored that his dear papa will appoint him to the office of Postmaster in that city.

The Picayune says that butchers are a heart rending set of fellows.